



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07603437 4



Poetry ✓

85



FUGITIVE POEMS

MRS. ELIZABETH C. JONES.

— 3 copies of —
When National Laws are not observed,
Resisting all your rights and all their laws,
Then coming with all soldiers' hands — 78.

Providence:

METU & FARMSTEAD, Printers.

1858.







FUGITIVE POEMS

BY

MRS. ELIZABETH C. JONES,

"I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing Good."—*Thompson*

Providence :
SMITH & PARMENTER, Printers.
1828.

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

R

FUGITIVE POEMS.

INVOCATION TO PEACE.

Sweet Peace! I woo thee from thy blest abode,
Where nought can intervene 'twixt thee and God,
On high thou dwellest with the sons of light
Diffusing round ineffable delight.

Descend to earth and rear thy temple mild,
And shew to man a Father reconcil'd ;
Convince the nations that their " God is Love,"
And all a Saviour's dying merits prove.

Dispel the clouds of false religious zeal,
The doubting, fearing, wounded spirit heal,
Make discord flee, restore the long lost sight
Of those who grope in a dark mental night.

Make superstition fall, no more to rise,
And bigotry for ever close her eyes,
And with thee bring, Faith, Charity, and Hope,
All leaning on a Saviour for a prop.

Destroy sectarian names, sectarian pride,
And let partition walls no more divide,
Bind christian hearts as with a three-fold cord,
Fill all shall bow, and own their sovereign Lord.

Seven Golden 3/9/64

ON THE DEATH OF OBADIAH BROWN, ESQ.

The conflict 's o'er and he is gone,
And Death a conquest great has won,
The best of husbands, best of friends,
And best of citizens, descends
To that lone dreary narrow cell,
Where silence and corruption dwell ;
But though to earth he is consign'd,
His better part th' immortal mind,
Will rise on tow'ring wings on high,
And live an inmate of the sky.
To deeds of love his soul inclin'd,
Capacious and enlarg'd his mind ;
Religion's power his life display'd,
Not by a loud profession made,
But by his humble walk with God,
And bowing to his chast'ning rod.
Twas his to cheer the wounded heart,
And freely help, and aid impart
To those by grief and want distress'd,
And kindly succour the oppress'd,
And now their tears and prayers arise
A grateful incense to the skies.
Although the public mind is pain'd ;
A greater loss have they sustain'd,
Who knew his innate worth the best,
And with his presence oft were blest :
His bosom friend who knew his worth
Has seen him laid in the cold earth,
And took a last and sad farewell,
With him on earth no more to dwell ;
But can the union of the mind,
Where grace and love are both combin'd,
By cruel death be rent in twain ?
No, such a vict'ry he'll ne'er gain,
Where kindred spirits here unite,
We trust they'll mix in realms of light,
And mingle still with harmony
In circlings of eternity.

An aged father too is left,
 Of a dear only child bereft,
 One he had hoped to close his eyes,
 Has gone before him to the skies.
 To weep with them that weep is mine,
 Yet still we know the hand divine,
 Does all things right we'll silent be
 And humbly bow to Heaven's decree.



THE ROSE OF SHARON.

I've seen the blushing rose at morn,
 Expand her beauties fair,
 Yet by her side there grew a thorn,
 And forward was her air.

I've seen the lily of the vale
 Surcharged with early dew,
 And though her visage was more pale
 More pleasing to the view,

Her modest beauty courted not
 The gaze of every eye,
 But in a sweet sequester'd spot,
 She wish'd to live and die.

Ye blooming fair, in life's gay dawn,
 Although your cheeks may vie
 With the gay rose at early dawn,
 Yet shortly you must die.

Make not a thing so frail your boast,
 Nor seek to be admir'd,
 For soon may come a chilling frost
 In wintry garb attir'd.

Your beauty bright, 'tis but a flower,
 And oft-times proves a snare,

And admiration in an hour
Evaporates in air.

But there's a never fading flower,
In heavenly soil it grows
'T was planted by a sovereign Power,
And called the SHARON ROSE;

Seek it ye nymphs, 'twill you adorn
With a celestial grace;
It is a rose without a thorn,
Which time can ne'er deface.



TO MRS. JENCKES, ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD

Tho' fate permits me not to see
Thy face and mingle tears with thee,
Yet pity moves my inmost soul
And bids my muse with thee condole.

Scarce had the grass began to wave
Upon thy other infant's grave,
E'er this lov'd child was summon'd forth
To rest upon the lap of earth.

I saw him smiling on thy breast,
With health and blooming beauty blest,
And yet I knew thy heart was pain'd,
That hopes and fears alternate reigned.

With trembling heart thou didst enjoy,
The presence of thy darling boy,
And much thou fear'd to lose the sight,
Of one who gave such pure delight.

What you presag'd alas! was true,
And he is taken from thy view
To dwell with God in realms above,
And shall we ever doubt his love?

Oh no—HE loaned him for a space,
 And now transplants him to a place,
 Where blissful pleasures ever flow,
 And he's releas'd from pain and woe.

Although his life was but a span,
 God's ways are not the ways of man,
 But to his view one day appears,
 As long as doth a thousand years.

And in that time he ripens some,
 For everlasting joys to come,
 Thy lovely babes he did ordain,
 With him in bliss supreme to reign.

Then check the torrent of thy grief,
 May Heaven grant thee kind relief,
 Support thee in this trying hour,
 By his almighty sovereign power.

Prepare thy heart to meet him where
 There is no sorrow pain or care,
 And in the presence of the Lamb
 All join to praise the great I AM.



PURSUIT OF LIGHT.

Sun of righteousness, arise,
 And clear the visual ray,
 Shew mercy, handmaid of the skies,
 And drive our fears away.

Day-star from on high appear,
 And shed thy lustre bright,
 Thy genial warmth our hearts will cheer
 And fill us with delight.

Peace benignant, smiling Peace,
 The joyful news proclaim,

That ev'ry prisoner will release,
And ev'ry mind unchain.

Lovely Truth, thyself reveal,
Companion of the three ;
When thy blest influence we feel,
'Twill surely make us free.

Extend thy pinions far and wide
'Through earth's remotest clime
Be thou our plain unerring guide
Beyond e'en space and time.



TO MRS, HAWES, ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE SO

Dear Madam why to grief a prey ?
Own you not God's sovereign power ?
Yes, He rules with righteous sway,
Even in this trying hour.

Lent awhile for his good pleasure,
He has claim'd from thee, His own ;
Give to him thy little treasure,
Give to him the gracious loan.

Think how radiant, pure and holy,
Now he shines in realms above,
Far remov'd from guilt and folly,
Drinking from the fount of Love.

He was lovely all must own it,
Interesting, sweet and mild ;
God is good and he has shown it
In the gift of such a child.

Now methinks I see thee doubting,
How that God so good and mild,

Whose great name all heaven is shouting,
 Could bereave thee of thy child.

'Tis not my friend for us to know,
 The purpose of his will,
 But to each providence to low,
 And bid our sighs be still.

"Be still and know that I am God,"
 Our sovereign Maker said,
 Thus let us meekly kiss the rod,
 And may he be obey'd.

Sometimes to save a valued plant,
 A twig or two was riven ;
 And this may be the great intent,
 To fit thy soul for Heaven.

I've felt each pang that you now feel,
 And ev'ry bitter smart ,
 But God I know has power to heal,
 And love and peace impart.

May he the healing balm apply,
 To thy afflicted heart,
 And may you meet your child on high
 To never, never, part.



TO MRS. CARLILE, ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILDREN.

I saw thy tears unbidden rush,
 I knew 'twas nature's feeling gush,
 Wrung from a heart the most forlorn,
 Whose dearest joys from earth had flown,
 Whose offspring one by one had fled
 And mingled with the silent dead.

So have I seen with pensive eye,
 The yellow leaves of autumn fly,

Far from their parent stem, whose arms,
 Were naked spread to brave the storms
 Of winter, and the frigid snows
 Did lodge upon its leafless boughs,
 And did it die ? O no ! for spring
 Return'd and bore upon its wing,
 A brighter garb of foliage green,
 And deck'd it like a fairy queen.

So thou art strip'd dear madam now,
 But God will soon his purpose shew,
 You'll see 'twas love and that alone,
 For which He claimed from thee his own,
 He will restore them to thy sight,
 In the bright realms of glory bright,
 Where death, nor sin, can e'er molest
 The mansions of eternal rest.
 One consolation sure is thine,
 That they were blest with love divine
 That virtue all their bosoms fir'd
 And righteousness their souls attir'd.

Thy daughter last to earth consign'd,
 So lovely both in form and mind,
 You mourn with anguish, and the smart,
 Doth seem to scathe thy tortur'd heart ;
 The death-bed scene you oft pourtray
 When her fair spirit left its clay.
 Then back to life you look again,
 And hear each groan, and feel each pain,
 And then near frantic you look round,
 And ev'ry object probes the wound,
 Here is the bed whereon she took her rest,
 And here the pillow which her head has press'd,
 Here lies some author which she much admir'd
 And there's the closet where she oft retir'd,
 There hangs a picture which her pencil trac'd
 And here unfinished lies some work of taste,
 Here is a sacred lock of her dear hair,
 And here a ring which grac'd her hand so fair ;

All these conspire to lacerate thy heart,
 And deeper pierce the agonizing dart,
 These thoughts indulged will on thy heart-strings prey
 And steal insensibly thy life away
 Cherish them not, but to her babes transfer
 The fond affection which you bore for her,
 In them behold the daughter of thy love,
 'Till reunited thou shalt meet above.



THE CONSUMPTION.

There was a bloom upon her cheek ; but not
 The bloom of health—it was the hectic flush,
 The evanescent glow, of one whose life
 Was waning—Her eyes were bright and beam'd
 With sweet expression—nay they sparkled, but
 Not with earthly fire—It was the flash of
 Intellect which shone resplendant from the
 Frail tenement of expiring nature.
 Within her white and wasted arms she held
 A smiling infant : o'er whose fair form she
 Bent, and on its neck of snow her raven
 Tresses fell—Its eyes were rais'd to hers with
 That sweet supplicating look which claims
 Protection. She gazed awhile upon its
 Cherub face and gazing wept. Then to its
 Ruby lips her ashy ones she press'd with
 All a mother's fondness, oh my sweet babe—
 She cried tis thou, and thou alone for whom
 I wish to live, there is a magic in
 Thy smiles which chains my heart, and intercepts
 My way to heaven. It was a scene I could
 Not mark unmov'd I turn'd my head to dash
 Away a tear, and when again her placid
 Eye I met 'twas full of calm and holy
 Resignation.

TO MRS. CHASE ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE SON.

The angel of Death as he rode on the blast,
 Saw thy beautiful group of children so fair,
 Said he, this is happiness too great to last,
 My shaft I must burnish and throw it in there.

He saw thy sweet boy with his dimples and smiles,
 His red pouting lip and love beaming eye,
 Said, this is a subject most fit for my wiles,
 And this lovely urchin must very soon die.

But stop ! thou grim tyrant he is not thy own,
 For a Saviour his ransom has paid with his blood,
 And thou surly monarch He soon will dethrone,
 And his own brilliant sceptre erect where thine stood.

So mourn not dear madam but with a sure hope
 That thy dear little son in bright glory will shine
 And when thy fond tears have had a full scope,
 May thy bosom be calm and thy spirit resign'd.

**TO NEGLECT.**

I know thee by thy stiff and frigid air,
 Thy cold averted eye or vacant stare,
 Oft have I seen thee when a storm was nigh,
 And adverse winds were howling bleak and high,
 Riding upon a cloud of vapours dense
 Compos'd of scorn, and deep malevolence,
 Exhal'd from shipwreck'd hopes and wounded pride,
 I heed thee not—triumphant thou mayest ride.

Shielded by conscience thou canst harm me not,
 And soon thy icy form will be forgot,
 For faith can raise me far above thy power—
Hasten, oh God ! that blest and happy hour,
When peace and truth shall dwell upon the earth,

And man be valued for his innate worth:
 When love shall dwell on this terrestrial ball,
 Each foe subdued, and God be all in all.

(THE DEATH OF MRS, MARY SCARBOROUGH.

WIFE OF MR. NEHEMIAH SCARBOROUGH.

With mournful eye I oft-times look,
 Dear Mary at the place,
 Where I was wont thy form to see,
 And gaze upon thy face.

I look, but ah ! how chang'd the scene,
 No friend to me appears;
 And all the house a dismal gloom
 Of desolation wears.

I've seen thee in the bloom of life,
 When health and strength were thine,
 I mark'd the inroads of disease
 And saw thee in decline.

But ever thou wert still the same,
 All placid and serene :
 Meekness and peace sat on thy brow,
 And graceful was thy mein.

Domestic virtues were thy own,
 Industry too, was thine,
 And in thy family and home,
 Thou did'st with lustre shine.

I saw thee on the bed of death,
 Eternity in view,
 And saw thee happy and resign'd,
 And took a last adieu.

Much valued friend, I knew thy worth,
 Thy piety and zeal;
 But ah ! my pen cannot describe,
 The sorrow that I feel.

And now, the husband of thy love,
 Is left to mourn thy loss,
 And thy dear lovely little child,
 To follow thee a corse.

A tender mother too, must weep,
 To see her daughter die,
 Although she has a lively hope,
 To meet her in the sky.

Sisters and brothers too, array'd
 In sorrow's sable gloom,
 With pensive step have followed thee
 To the low silent tomb.

Oh may the God of mourners bless
 Their each and ev'ry heart,
 And may they meet at the great day,
 In Heaven, no more to part.

TO MISANTHROPY.

Stand off—why dost thou me pursue ?
 Thy form is hideous to my view,
 On all the world thou seem'st to frown,
 And yet I feel I'm half thy own.

Stand off—thy baneful breath I feel,
 It turns my heart almost to steel,
 Where love once dwelt thou fain would'st reign,
 By stealth thou did'st admittance gain.

Poison'd by thee, I look around,
 No antidote is to be found,

Till Faith, with finger rais'd above,
Points to my view that "God is Love,"

Of Love and ocean deep and wide,
One drop from Him can turn the tide,
Thy hateful form it can dispel,
And banish all the powers of hell!

Though friends prove false and fortune frown,
And thou dost claim me for thy own;
One drop infus'd within my heart,
Will make thee quickly hence depart



ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SEBLY,

ADDRESSED TO HER CHILDREN.

Of worth departed, be it mine to sing,
Arise, Apollo, on thy tuneful wing,
Inspire my muse with more than mortal fire,
And wake from stupor my neglected Lyre,
Breathe o'er its strings in soft melodious strains,
And cheer each heart where grief and sorrow reigns.

Daughters, to you, I would my theme address,
In plainest garb, and not a flow'ry dress,
Long has a widow'd mother been your care,
And long your filial love her grief did share,—
When worn with sickness or by grief oppress'd
You smooth'd her pillow, lull'd her cares to rest,
Prov'd faithful to her even to the end,
She, was your earliest—you, her latest friend.

To her, life was a hard and rugged road,
Yet such an one as led her to her God;
Long had she borne her much lov'd Savior's Cross,
And counted all things, for his sake, as dross:
Patient, submissive, to his will resign'd,
And in affliction's furnace well refin'd,

Her's was a mind well fraught with pious zeal,
A heart that all another's wee could feel.

Good sense and wisdom all her words did grace,
And meekness shone in her expressive face.
Then Death approach'd and life's dull round was run,
She still could say, "Oh God! thy will be done."
Relying on a Savior's dying Love,
Her soul triumphant took its flight above.
Live as she liv'd, that, dying you may be
Blest and united in eternity.

Sons, you have been of her the tender care,
Though hope of fortune led your steps afar,
Pursuing that, to other climes you roam,
Yet oft your minds review your native home;
And you had hoped her face again to see,
This side a long and vast eternity.
But ah! the hope was vain, for never more,
You'll see that face on this terrestrial shore,
So treasure up her counsels in your heart,
That you may meet in Heaven, no more to part.

SONG OF PRAISE.

The brilliant stars are twinkling
In Heaven's vast expanse,
The spheres with music tinkling
To which the waters dance.

The little birds are nestling,
Close by each other's side,
And Cynthia in her glory,
With majesty doth ride.

This is the hour of stillness,
For pure devotion made
Then come with me Maria
To yonder woodland shade.

We'll raise our hearts to Heaven,
 In anthems most divine,
 For there's your loving Saviour,
 And there my friend is mine.

All nature 'll join our concert,
 Harmoniously to prove,
 That Christ is our Redeemer,
 And God's a God of Love.



*On seeing a very young lady, who had just recovered from a
 dangerous illness.*

I saw her little wasted form
 Snatch'd from an early tomb
 Like some fair flower sav'd from a storm
 Just in its opening bloom.

I saw her black and languid eye,
 And press'd her hand so thin,
 I thought of Him who lives on high
 And saves from death and sin.

'Twas he my child who heard thy prayer
 When human help was vain,
 He lent a kind and willing ear,
 And He reliev'd thy pain.

And now that life which he has spared
 Devote to him my love
 And strive for death to be prepar'd
 And raise thy heart above.

When rosy health again is thine
 And ev'ry pulse beats high
 And Pleasure lifts her glossy shrine
 Remember thou must die.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ELIZA ADAMS,

DAUGHTER OF MR. SETH ADAMS.

And art thou gone ? enchanting fair,
 Whose voice so lately charm'd my ear,
 Are those eyes clos'd ? that beam'd on mine,
 With pure benevolence divine ?

Oh! yes Eliza, thou wert fair,
 Lovely, and young, and debonnaire,
 Yet death has summon'd thee away
 And turn'd thy lovely form to clay,
 And though a stranger I must weep,
 For once I saw and heard thee speak,
 It was enough—thy heart I knew
 Was kind, and tender, warm and true.
 Thy brow was placid and serene,
 And meekly patient was thy mien,
 Tho' lingering on a bed of pain,
 Submissive thou did'st not complain,
 Peace dwelt within thy tranquil mind,
 Which for this world was ne'er design'd.
 Oh no! such rich angelic powers
 Were formed for higher joys than ours
 That grov'ling cling to this low earth,
 Like reptiles of far meaner birth,
 Above such trifles thou did'st rise,
 And look'd thro' faith above the skies.
 Tho' form'd for friendship and for love,
 Thou sought for happiness above,
 And on thy Saviours loving breast
 Reclin'd thy head and there found rest.

Sweet maid we bid thee now adieu,
 Thy days on earth alas were few,
 Yet they have " answered life's great end."
For each in virtue thou did'st spend.
Now thou'rt releas'd from mortal strife,
And all the ills of human life ;

Death's agonizing pains are o'er,
 And angels waft thee to the shore
 Of everlasting joy and peace
 Where holy pleasures never cease



ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN ADAMS.

ADDRESSED TO HIS MOTHER.

Oh ! how fleeting are our pleasures,
 And how short-liv'd earthly treasures,
 This dear madam, well you know,
 For scarce your tears had ceas'd to flow,
 For a sweet daughter, fair and gay
 E're a lov'd son is torn away.

So have I seen two roses fair,
 The idols of a florist's care,
 Both growing on one stem and were
 The choicest of a gay parterre ;
 Exhaling fragrance and perfume,
 Expand their leaves with brightest bloom,
 Yet soon their glowing tints turn'd pale,
 And they were wafted on the gale.

So thy dear children in their bloom,
 Were destin'd to an early tomb,
 Too good for earth, and ripe for heaven ;
 God saw they must from thee be riven,
 But oh ! how soothing is the thought,
 They liv'd with thee as children ought,
 In filial love, and filial fear,
 And ever held their parents dear.

Thy son so late consign'd to earth,
 Was lov'd and honor'd for his worth,
 In him was found a noble mind,
 Improv'd, capacious and refin'd,

A heart to virtue ever true,
 Most tenderly attach'd to you,
 And faithful memory oft will tell,
 How happy 'twas with him to dwell,
 And though it probes thy very heart,
 How hard it was with him to part.

But there's a balm that can heal the wound,
 On Calvary it may be found,
 Go to the Lamb who once was slain,
 And he'll relieve thee of thy pain.
 May you dear madam, long abide,
 Near that most precious bleeding side,
 That stream'd for us upon the cross,
 That will repay thy ev'ry loss,
 And when thy days on earth are done,
 In realms of glory meet thy son.



On the Death of Mrs. Adams, wife of Mr. Seth Adams

ADDRESSED TO HER DAUGHTER.

Oh ! had my muse the soothing power,
 To cheer thee in this trying hour,
 Extract affliction's barbed dart,
 And heal thy bleeding wounded heart ;
 Then would she sing in plaintive strains
 And ease thy bosom of its pains.
 Thy mother——oh ! the sacred name
 It fills my soul with holy flame,
 Has left thee—for the courts on high,
 A loss which nothing can supply.
 I've seen her warm maternal breast,
 Torn for her children gone to rest,
 And heard her tell their virtues o'er,
 While mem'ry bled from ev'ry pore,
 And oft her fond maternal eye,
Has wept for fear that you might die.

Yet you are spar'd and she is riven,
To find her way to yonder Heaven.

I saw her on the bed of death
With hectic check and panting breath,
And she was happy and resign'd,
And perfectly compos'd her mind,
Waiting death's mandate to obey,
And quit her tenement of clay.
And now methinks I see her rise,
On faith's fair pinions for the skies.
Heaven's pearly gates are open'd wide,
By Him who was once crucified,
And bore her sins upon the tree,
Hailing her now with victory.
As she could triumph over death,
And calmly yield her mortal breath,
I hope dear girl you'll be resign'd,
And by affliction well refin'd.
May Heaven be your friend and guide,
And then your steps can never slide.
And when your days on earth are done
Like hers may be your setting sun,
And her glad spirit you receive,
With her in endless joy to live.



ON THE BIRTH OF MY YOUNGEST CHILD.

Art thou come to cheer my heart ?
To comfort, or to grieve me ?
Whether for pain or pleasure sent,
I'm happy to receive thee.

Straight from thy Maker's plastic hand,
Thou comest lovely creature,
Sweet innocence sits on thy brow,
And peace on ev'ry feature.

But oh ! it grieves my heart to think
 How soon life's cares will vex thee,
 Sorrow and pain come hovering round,
 Temptations too perplex thee.

May he who little children blest,
 Thy gentle loving Saviour,
 Be pleased to guard thee by his love,
 And grant his holy favour.

E'en now I give thee to his care,
 My little infant treasure,
 Oh ! may he bless thee, Adeline,
 And guide thee by his pleasure.



Suggested by hearing a discourse delivered on Christmas evening at the Universalist Chapel in commemoration of the birth of Christ, by the Rev. Mr. Pickering.—

[PUBLISHED IN THE CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.]

Herald of peace ! the news proclaim,
 'Tis welcome to my ears,
 A Saviour ! oh the blessed name,
 A name which Heaven reveres.

"Peace on the earth, good will to men,"
 Exclaim'd th' angelic choir,
 Then let us shout a loud amen,
 While joy our hearts inspire.

From morn till eve I'd sit to hear,
 On a long summer's day,
 The truth which did so plain appear,
 And longer wish to stay.

Go on, and prosper ; preach the son,
 The gospel trumpet blow,
Till peace adown our streets shall run,
And like a river flow.

DIVINE ILLUMINATION.

Long toss'd upon a sea of doubt,
My fragile barque almost worn out,
Now anchors in a stream.

A stream where living waters flow,
No longer driven to and fro,
By every passing wave.

Long has she stem'd opinion's tide,
Where billows foamed with all their pride,
And threaten'd to destroy.

The seamen's boasted strength was vain,
For darkness thicken'd o'er the main,
With scarce a gleam of light.

Sometimes appeared a glim'ring ray,
Which only farther led astray,
My little shatter'd barque.

At length arose the orb of day,
And every cloud was chas'd away,
By his refulgent light.

Safe moor'd at last—the tempest o'er,
She rests on Hope's fast anchor'd shore,
On Jesus dying love.



CREATION, PROVIDENCE, AND GRACE.

[Published in the Christian Telescope.]

If we survey the vast expanse,
Of the bright arch above,
Or if to earth our eyes we glance,
All tell us "God is Love."

Creation speaks his goodness loud,
In ev'ry tree and flower,

And when the billows roar most proud,
There's mercy mix'd with power.

But in His Providence and grace,
More luminous the view;
Tis there his lenient hand we trace,
And find him ever true.

Though clouds arise and tempests roar,
They're for the general good,
And though afflictions on us pour,
They're right when understood.

His promises are ever sure,
And He is still the same,
Then may we all his will endure,
And all his love proclaim.



ON THE DEATH OF MR. HENRY KING,

ADDRESSED TO HIS MOTHER.

Madam forgive my tardy muse,
I hope you will the fault excuse,
For such I own it is.

Nor think I did not sympathize,
When Henry left you for the skies,
With you in the event.

Oh yes, I knew thy widow'd heart,
Did feel a deep and bitter smart,
And I could weep with thee.

For he was twined around thy heart,
With cords too strong for death to part,
Without a pang severe.

On him your fondest hopes were staid,
To him you look'd for help and aid
In the decline of life.

But though you've lost your age's prop,
 You do not mourn without a hope,
 To meet him in the skies.

He was a kind and generous youth,
 His heart was fraught with love and truth,
 With usefulness his life.

A lingering sickness long he bore,
 With patience hop'd God would restore
 To him again his health.

But when he found the hope was vain,
 He sought His mercy to obtain
 And found His grace suffice.

His heart was filled with heavenly love,
 He left thee for the realms above
 And may you meet him there.



N THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS FLETCHER.

Oh ! what a change ! ah ! what a gloom !
 Doth all the house pervade,
 Since Fletcher's laid within the tomb
 And numbered with the dead.

That tongue which oft has welcom'd me,
 With language warm and kind,
 And cheered with hospitality
 The sorrows of my mind.

Stiffen'd and mute now silent lies,
 Nor move to speak or sing,
 Till the last trump the dead shall raise,
 And forth to judgment bring.

That eye that glow'd with ardent fire,
 And spoke a heart sincere;

No more can love or joy inspire,
No more his friends can cheer.

And now in sable garments clad,
His family are seen,
With streaming eyes and hearts most sad,
On him no more to lean.

But God will be the widow's friend,
The orphan's shield and guide,
Oh may He every blessing send,
And for them all provide.

And when to earth they bid adieu,
Oh may their spirits rise,
Above the reach of human view,
"To mansions in the skies."



ON THE DEATH OF MR. ALLEN WARDWELL.

· ADDRESSED TO HIS MOTHER.

Again thy widow'd heart is called to mourn,
I feel thy sorrow madam, as my own:
And I have pray'd, could it consistent be
That thy lov'd son might still be spar'd to thee;
And yet I knew our everlasting friend
Would not permit us with him to contend.
I knew he had a right his own to claim
And all he did would glorify his name,
Yet well I knew thy fond maternal heart
Could not feel willing with thy child to part.
And one to thee so uniformly kind
Endow'd with all the beauties of the mind,
Good sense, discretion, honor, love and truth,
Hard it must be to part with such a youth:
Wert thou immortal, long thy heart might mourn
For to thee now he never can return;
*But soon the veil which hides him from thy eyes
Will be withdrawn thou'lt meet him in the skies.*

This was the language and the happy thought,
 Of Israel's King, when first the news was brought,
 That his dear son, his first born child was dead,
 For whom he'd fasted, pray'd, and tears had shed;
 "I'll mourn no longer; but will cheerful be,
 My darling son cannot return to me,
 But I to him most certainly shall go,
 And that shall check the torrent of my woe."

And may that consolation now be thine,
 And may you ever have a prop divine;
 And though thy earthly comforts have been riven,
 May all thy heart and treasure be in Heaven;
 And when upon the bed of death you lie,
 May you like Allen be resign'd to die.



ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD, DAUGHTER OF THE REV.
 MR. OTHEMAN.

Oh! I've seen thee lovely creature,
 Sportive, innocent and gay,
 Gazed upon each lovely feature,
 Blooming as the flowers in May.

Yes! I saw thee in thy beauty,
 Listen'd to thy accents mild,
 Saw thy love, and filial duty,
 Sweet and interesting child.

Shall we weep dear little charmer,
 Since thou now art gone to rest,
 Tho' thy downy bed was warmer,
 Still more peaceful is thy rest.

Thou hast paid the debt of nature,
 All thy sufferings now are o'er,
 Supremely blest with thy Creator,
 Sorrow thou shalt know no more.

But alas! thy weeping mother,
 Claims our pity more than thee;
 Thou hast join'd thy little brother,
 While her earthly comforts flee.

Though his eyes no more behold thee
 And the tears of anguish flow,
 Though her arms no more enfold thee,
 Grace can soften all her wo.

May the fond anticipation
 That her grief will soon be o'er,
 Give her peace and resignation,
 Till you meet to part no more.



STANZAS.

[PUBLISHED IN THE CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.]

Sweet the balmy breath of morning,
 Sweet the dew-drops on the rose,
 Sweet the flowers the earth adorning,
 Sweet the streamlet as it flows.

Sweet the smiles from beauty beaming,
 When the heart is all refin'd;
 But sweeter far the truth first gleaming,
 On a dark benighted mind.

Sweet the tears from pity flowing,
 Emanating from above,
 But sweeter far the bliss of knowing,
 All our Heav'nly Father's love.

Oh ! it is a soul reviving,
 Bosom-cheering, happy thought,
 That our God, His grace is giving,
 That He sought us e'er we sought.

May we all his love retracing,
 Strive to have a simple eye
 (While we are the truth embracing)
 His great name to glorify.

BURNING OF THE UNIVERSALIST CHAPEL.

[Published in the Christian Telescope.]

The night was calm, serene the skies,
 The busy toil of day was o'er,
 And sleep had clos'd our weary eyes,
 When lo ! the flames around us roar !

Oh ! God, our temple rear'd for thee,
 In conflagration soon appears;
 We view it with mute agony,
 Divided 'twixt our hopes and fears.

Our hopes are vain, for soon the fire,
 Spread with a rapid, vivid flash,
 It soon ascends the lofty spire,
 Which falls with a tremendous crash !

Not so our hopes of heaven and thee,
 They're founded on a rock, most sure,
 Though foes exult with tyranny,
 We can their venom'd shafts endure.

And though our temple here no longer stands
 We'll worship Thee in one "not made with hands"
 Creation's ample space our voice shall bear
 While we the wonder of thy grace declare.

THE REMOVAL.

Adieu to thy banks oh thou sweet flowing river,
 And adieu to the shady green elm by thy side,

For dearly I've lov'd to see thee meander,
And come rising up with a full flowing tide.

And when sable night has drawn her dark curtain
And the moonbeams have play'd on thy beautiful
breast,

Oh then I have gazed with delight it is certain,
And thy gentle murmers have lull'd me to rest.

Oh! glide smoothly on, though I leave thee forever,
To fill up my changeable lot here below,
Oh may I ne'er part from my blessed Redeemer,
And then over Jordan I safely shall go.

And when this vain world from my view is receding
And I am arrived on fair Canaan's shore,
And the Lamb who was slain and for sinners is pleading
Has safely conducted me all the way o'er,

Oh! then I shall praise Him for each dispensation,
And ev'ry chastisement I've felt from his rod,
And He shall be mine in the dearest relation.
Of merciful High Priest, and blest son of God.



ON RELEASING A FAVOURITE BIRD FROM ITS CONFINEMENT

Go little prisoner spread thy wing,
And seek thy native grove,
For there thou canst more sweetly sing,
And warble forth thy love.

No longer beat thy little breast,
Against those iron bars,
But go and build thy mossy nest,
Beneath the moon and stars.

Thy plaintive notes annoy my ear,
And pierce with grief my heart,

From me thou'st nothing more to fear,
So quickly hence depart.

Go, lovely little flutt'ring thing,
I will not thee detain,
Go spread on air thy jetty wing
Thy liberty regain.

Yet take from me one parting kiss,
And sing me one more tune,
And take it not sweet Dick amiss
If then I say begone.



ON THE DEATH OF MRS. YOUNG OF BOSTON WHO DIED IN BALTI-
MORE.

Oh! sweet Dorinda art thou gone?
And is thy spotless spirit flown?
To the abodes of peace and joy,
Where blissful pleasures never cloy.

Are those dark orbs forever clos'd,
Bright as a dew-drop on a rose,
They lately sparkled and bespoke,
A heart oft wounded yet not broke.

When fortune frown'd thou sweetly smil'd
And with a spirit meek and mild,
Did'st drink the bitter cup of wo
Knowing from whence the draught did flow.

Like me an exile thou became,
And left thy home oh! sacred name!
Name to my heart forever dear,
Cherished with many a bitter tear.

With thee my friend oft have I trod,
The mossy bank and grassy sod,
Together cull'd the sweet wild flowers,
While rapid fled the happy hours.

Nor thought how soon 'twould be our lot,
 To leave that charming rural spot,
 Strangers become with strangers live,
 The scrutinizing glance receive,

That chills the heart, to virtue true
 I've felt it oft, and so have you,
 But thou wilt never feel it more,
 Thy race is run thy home secure.

And when a few more sands have run,
 My days on earth will too be done,
 And may I meet thee on that shore,
 Where many friends have gone before,
 Unite our voices there to raise,
 A song of never ending praise.



DREAMS OF HOME.

[Published in the Literary Cadet.]

Dear home of my childhood when night's peaceful slum-
 bers

Close my eyes to the bustling scenes of the day,
 And my spirit is freed from all that encumbers,
 Oh! then with delight, she wings her glad way
 To the hills, and the forests, and moss cover'd bowers,
 And the sweet winding vale, which is sweeter than all,
 Where the ivy clasp'd trees, and the wild native flowers,
 Join in concert to murmur with th' soft waterfall.

Oh then with a step that would outstrip a fairy,
 I glide through the branches of thick woven trees,
 Conducted by fancy, through visions most airy,
 To the home of my childhood which ever must please.

With rapture I fly from one place to another,
 Now clasp to my bosom, the friends of my youth,
Then gaze on the face of a long, long lost mother,
And think those bright visions are nought but the truth.

But alas the gay phantoms are fled with the night,
 For Aurora comes blushing to drive them away,
 Though kindly permitted to give me delight,
 'Twould be a vain wish to expect them to stay.

The shadows are fled, and the morning discloses
 A world to my view which seems cheerless and cold,
 Where young Hope once stood with her garland of roses,
 Wreath'd by Fancy and Pleasure my brow to enfold.

But dare I to murmur? Forbid it kind Heaven,
 Though adversity comes with her keen frosty blast,
 Some blessings most precious have to me been given,
 Which bind me to earth most closely and fast.

Yes, yes, my sweet babes, I would live for thy sake,
 Though the friends of my youth sleep beneath the green
 sod,
 You're a gift which from Heaven I thankfully take,
 And fain would I train thy young minds up for God.



TO MRS. JENOKES, ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER, MR. JAMES
 SMITH OF DIGHTON.

Thy aged father 's left thee for the skies,
 Upborne by angels see his spirit rise;
 His tott'ring limbs no more impede his flight,
 He soars to regions of supreme delight.
 His long-lost sight no more can he deplore,
 Such light ineffable doth on him pour,
 Bursting at once from Heaven's purest beam,
 Mortals are blest if they discern a gleam,
 Long has he liv'd beloved and renown'd,
 And long his friends his virtues will resound.

Patient submission pass'd his way to Heaven,
 Weep not my friend that he from thee is riven,

His aged widow feels his loss severe
 And down her wither'd cheek descends the tear,
 A union form'd when they were in their prime,
 And long cemented by the hand of time.
 Death's ruthless hand has sever'd by a blow,
 Alas ! no wonder that her heart feels wo,
 But short's the time when they will meet again,
 Death cannot keep him in his dark domain,
 For he himself must be destroy'd e'er long,
 And glory to the Lamb be all the song.

His children too must mourn their aged sire,
 For he with virtue did their hearts inspire,
 His precepts taught them not to go astray,
 His bright example led them on their way,
 His pure affection bound them with a chain
 Of filial love which nought could break in twain.

Neighbours and friends who knew his innate worth
 Lament to see him now consign'd to earth.
 A numerous train with deep funereal gloom
 Have follow'd him to the low silent tomb,
 Yet still they bow to Heaven's high behest
 Knowing their worthy friend is now at rest.



LAFAYETTE, THE NATION'S GUEST.

Lo! yonder from afar: comes our hero indeed,
 To revisit the land, which his valor has freed,
 See, he comes drest in smiles; he comes, we have met
 You are welcome; thrice welcome; brave noble Fayette.

With arms wide extended, and warm glowing hearts,
 We feel all the rapture which friendship imparts,
 So hail ! the bright day which we ne'er can forget
 Which landed our hero the gallant Fayette.

With banners wide streaming and by freemen unfurl'd
 The fond tribute we owe will proclaim to the world,

That gratitude burns in our warm bosom yet,
We'll shew while we welcome the gallant Fayette.

Columbia's fair daughters their flowerets have strew'd
With tears of affection, and pleasure bedew'd,
They'll lose not their fragrance by being thus wet
To strew in the path of the gallant Fayette.

And veterans whose arms have been rusted by time,
Recognize the man they have known in their prime,
With joy most extatic exclaim we have met,
And clasp to their bosoms the gallant Fayette.

From despots and tyrants we hope he's now freed,
To the land of our fathers he's welcome indeed,
May he with us remain 'till life's sun shall set,
Then may Heaven's portals receive La Fayette.



ON THE DEATH OF MISS ANNA TILLINGHAST,

Ah! is that beauteous form laid low!
Does Anna sleep in dust?
Alas! it fills my heart with wo,
And drop a tear I must.

Why did'st thou Anna leave thy friends,
For that far distant shore?
It was for wise and gracious ends,
And we'll enquire no more.

But oh! it grieves my heart to think,
I could not say adieu,
For 'twas a firm and stedfast link,
That bound my heart to you.

But hark! methinks I see that form
Triumphing in the skies,
Saying I have now outrode the storm,
So dry thy weeping eyes.

Dear sainted fair one I will strive,
 To keep thy life in view,
 And by thy bright example live
 That I may die like you.



TO MRS. CLARK OF BOSTON, ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

Dear friend I know the pain within thy breast
 For busy mem'ry will not let thee rest,
 But oft pourtrays the image of thy child
 So lovely, interesting, sweet and mild.

You see her golden tresses floating in air,
 And gaze upon her face devoutly fair,
 Her little sport and gambols thou canst trace,
 And almost feel her kisses on thy face.

A pleasing melancholy then you feel
 Which o'er thy pensive bosom seems to steal,
 You gladly hail the day which gave her birth,
 And almost fancy her again on earth.

But when the glowing picture you reverse,
 And see her borne on the dark sable hearse,
 Her lovely form laid in the narrow cell,
 Oh then the pains of memory you feel.

But there's a brighter view, come turn thy eyes,
 And see her borne by Angels to the skies,
 Through fields of ether see her take her flight,
 To the blest mansions of supreme delight.

This is a view for mourners kindly made,
 'Tis brightness all without one sombre shade,
 'Twill cheer thy mind and elevate thy heart,
 Until you meet in Heaven no more to part.

ONE, WRITTEN EXTEMPORÉ ON SEEING SOME LADIES GOING TO THE VESTRY
OF THE REV. MR. WILSON'S MEETING HOUSE TO MAKE CLOTHING FOR THE
GREEKS

Haste, haste, ye fair and leave domestic joys,
And garments make for Grecian girls and boys.
Leave your dear homes and prattling babes so fair,
And straight to W****n's Vestry quick repair.
Then let Minerva's steel with skill be ply'd,
And for their distant wardrobe well provide.
Indulgent heaven will your work repay,
With streams of mercy from the fount of day.

Once their fair forms of symmetry and grace
Like yours were dress'd with elegance and taste.
Now in a state of nudity and woe,
They look with suppliant eyes for aid to you.
Oh! health departed, wert thou only mine,
Gladly would I the humane circle join,
But since that boon's deny'd all I can give
Is prayers to heaven that you long may live,
And long be bless'd for this your gen'rous toil,
And may your labours soon reach Grecia's soil.
And may her daughters fair with glad surprise,
Hail you at length in yonder azure skies.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. EDWARD CAPHON.

Is Edward gone that blooming youth !
So full of piety and truth !
Oh ! yes alas ! his spirit's fled,
And he is number'd with the dead.

But who is this that now appears ?
In sorrow drown'd floods of tears !

- Her locks neglected loosely flow
And on her brow sits grief and wo.

Oh ! this is one who hoped to spend
Her days with him till life should end.
But now instead of wedlock's bands,
Death comes with his cold icy hands,
And with his mandate to destroy,
Has stripp'd her of her earthly joy.

Weep gentle fair one, for you must,
To see your hopes laid in the dust ;
But mourn in hope and humbly cry,
To God this blow to sanctify,
His ways are higher far than ours
We scan things by our feeble powers.
But he with wisdom infinite
Directs and governs all aright.

Thy friend was reconcil'd to go,
Let this alleviate thy wo.
His work is done his toils are o'er,
And may you meet him on the shore,
Of everlasting peace and rest,
And with your Saviour's love be blest



ON SEEING A PIGEON, WHOSE CONSTANT PRACTICE IT WAS DAILY TO PERCH
A ROOF OPPOSITE MY CHAMBER AND LOOK INTO MY ROOM.

- Do'st thou come as a protector ?
Or a spy my life to view ?
- Perching opposite my window,
With thy head all turn'd askew.

Ev'ry morning there I see thee,
Looking in so arch and sly,
I have no desire to flee thee
For I love thy dove-like eye.

So look on, I will not harm thee,
 Fly not from me as a foe
 Sure it need not thus alarm thee,
 If I chance to look on you.

Look not on me so suspicious,
 With thy little reddened eye,
 Take this crumb 'tis more delicious,
 Eat it—and be not so shy.

If thou pleasest thou may'st enter
 And my ev'ry action view,
 For with *you* I sure would venture,
 If I had but wings like you.

I would soar with thee on ether,
 Above this dark and earthly sod,
 Where deceit nor slander either
 Should disturb my peace with God.

THE HERMIT.

Far from the social haunts of men,
 A hermit liv'd retir'd,
 Deep in a solitary glen,
 To Heaven his soul aspir'd.

The world and all its empty joys,
 So fleeting, yet so fair,
 Where pleasure oft itself destroys
 He left for quiet there.

Abstracted from its joys, and cares,
 Its sorrows and its woes,
 To God he breathed his fervent prayers,
 And there he found repose.

Communing only with his God,
 His spirit was refin'd
 And bowing 'neath his chast'ning rod,
 His soul was all resign'd.

For he had felt misfortunes blast,
 And earthly comforts riven,
 But now he dwells not on the past,
 His hopes are all in Heaven.

It chanc'd upon a summer's eve,
 A trav'ler lost his way,
 And looking round he did percieve,
 A taper's glimm'ring ray,

From whence thought he, doth this proceed?
 It seems my heart to cheer,
 With joy he spur'd his foaming steed,
 'That seem'd the light to fear.

Approaching nearer to the spot,
 A voice he seem'd to hear,
 Which issued from a shady grot,
 For such it did appear.

With cautious steps the youth advanc'd,
 For still a youth was he,
 And when within his eye he glanc'd,
 A solemn sight did see.

An aged man with hoary head,
 And thin locks white as snow,
 Was kneeling by his grassy bed,
 And fast his tears did flow.

With hands and eyes uplifted high
 Did he, his God invoke,
 And many a penitential sigh,
 Escap'd him as he spoke.

*Yet gratitude was all his theme,
 And love almost divine,*

And to the trav'ler he did seem
An angel most benign.

A shelter from the dews of night,
He here wish'd to obtain.
Yet still he thought, 'twould not be right,
To give the hermit pain.

Father said he will you admit
A guest here to intrude?
And if with you awhile I sit,
Will you not deem me rude?

My son you're welcome, do not fear,
The hermit made reply,
If you can rest contented here,
Till morn illumines the sky,

You're welcome to my humble cell,
And to my humble fare,
You're welcome here with me to dwell,
With me my couch to share.

Oh! you are happy ; said the youth,
Not so, your wretched guest ;
You've found the knowledge of the truth,
And found a peaceful rest.

Much could I wish to dwell with thee,
In this sequester'd spot,
And leave this world of vanity,
And be by that forgot.

Oh! no my son the hermit said,
You still have duties there,
Connection's dear who long may need
Your service and your care.

Not so with me, my kindred all,
Are in the earth laid low,
And here I wait my Saviour's call,
With earth I've nought to do.

Return ; yet do thy sins forsake,
 With Jesus seek to dwell,
 Then you'll be happy in the world
 As I within my cell.



TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER NATAL DAY.

Eleven long years have roll'd away,
 Since thou to me wast given,
 And now I hail that happy day,
 And praise the God of Heaven,

Come raise with me a song of praise,
 That may ascend the sky,
 That he has lengthen'd out thy days,
 Nor suffer'd thee to die.

He gave thee to my longing arms,
 And to my ravish'd sight,
 When earth for me had lost its charms,
 To fill me with delight.

With the first breath thou didst inhale,
 I gave thee to his care,
 His tender love will never fail,
 A child the gift of prayer.

And now my dear look back and see,
 Review the time that's pass'd
 And think how stands the case with thee
 Should this year prove thy last.

Has: thou improved each fleeting hour,
 Which God to thee has given?
 If not exert thy ev'ry power,
 And pray to be forgiven.

And may kind Heaven hear thy prayer
 And on thee blessings pour.
 And may'st thou be his guardian care,
 When I shall be no more.



TO ANOTHER ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

This is thy natal day my dear!
 I hail, it with delight,
 Since first on earth thou did'st appear
 Six years have taken flight.

They've fled—not so a mother's love,
 That ever is the same,
 And still a constant source will prove
 Of pleasure or of pain.

If thou art found in wisdom's way,
 'Twill fill with joy my breast,
 But should'st thou chance to go astray,
 'Twill rob my heart of rest.

Virtue alone can fill thy mind
 With pure substantial peace
 In that, true happiness thou'lt find
 Which never can decrease.

Then strive my dearest child t' improve,
 Each moment and each hour,
 And trust in him who rules above,
 That great Eternal power.

And may He bless thee with his love,
 And guide thy steps aright,
 And raise thy soul to Him above.
 When it shall take its flight.

DEDICATION OF MY CHILDREN.

Oh! thou whose presence fills the boundless space
 Of vast immensity—In infinite
 Condescension deign to look on the poor
 Dust before thee, and bless her offsprings—
 For myself no anxious care I feel; but
 Oh! for them my bosom throbs with feelings
 Indescribable—Their frames, their tempers,
 And their hearts, were made by thine own hand,
 Thou knowest the texture of their minds and
 The impetuous feelings deep implanted
 In their infant breasts, oh! give them strength
 To govern them aright. Thou hast plac'd them
 On this dark speck of earth, yet by thy goodness
 Made delightful; where ev'ry good springs up
 Spontaneous, from thy hand munificent.
 Yet 'mongst the fairest flowers is oft conceal'd
 The prickly bramble, and where the most
 Delicious fruit abounds and richest gems
 Lay buried in the earth, oft bursts the
 Fierce volcano.—Then oh my God! give them
 Discernment.—When Pleasure with her magic
 Wand dances before them, remove the veil
 And shew her dark deformity—When
 Flattery or adulation with their
 Syren voices, tempt them to wander from
 The path of rectitude, oh! shew them the
 Snare which would ere long entangle them and
 Give them grace to shun it—To thee my God;
 Anew I dedicate them—oh! keep them
 By thy mighty power, forsake them not,
 And let them never thee forsake—Be thou
 Their guide and protector thro' the devious
 Paths of life—and when the brittle thread of
 Their existence shall be sever'd by the
 Hand of Death oh! then hear a mother's prayer
 And receive them to Thyself in glory.

TO MISFORTUNE.

Relax thy hold—this pressure is too great,
 Thou need'st not fear my loss I'am all thine own,
 Thy bands are firm; cemented well by time,
 And unrelenting fate, has wove them strong.
 While others bask beneath the sunny rays
 Of fortune's smile; day after day I sit
 And feel the blast shot from thy darken'd eye
 Which 'neath thy low'ring brow grins horribly.
 Yet there's a light which thou canst not exclude,
 And through thy prison walls it bursts with light
 Refulgent—'Tis the sun of righteousness,
 And its beams with lustre bright illumine my soul,
 It sheds its rays from yonder gates of Heaven,
 Which open stand—and there the Lamb of God
 With arms extended wide; stands clothed with mercy
 And exhorts my soul to patience.
 Tells me of joys reserved above the sky
 For those who to the end are faithful,
 Points to the crown of thorns He wore on earth
 And then displays His Heavenly diadem.
 And shall I shrink from such an one as thee?
 Oh no—thy giant form appalls me not,
 Thou seem'st a tiny thing beneath my notice
 One condescending look from Him will banish
 Thee forever.—So to thy iron grasp
 I bid defiance.—And on the wing of faith
 Soar to the regions of celestial bliss
 To lave in fountains of supreme delight.



TO ELLEN, ON READING HER BEAUTIFUL EFFUSION, ON THE RAINBOW IN THE
 CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE OF MARCH 4TH, 1826.

Dearest Ellen tell me where,
 Dwells a heart so much like mine,

Kindred spirits free as air,
Sweetly mingle and combine.

I have gazed like thee on nature
Looking up to nature's God
Seen His love in ev'ry feature,
Even in his chast'ning rod.

Much have I admir'd that token,
Of the rainbow in the skies,
Which we know can ne'er be broken,
Tho' all earth in ruin lies.

Gentle fair one, tell me whither ?
Can we go and see Him not,
If we fly thro' fields of ether
E'en to earth's remotest spot.

We shall find some lenient traces,
Of a hand the most benign,
E'en on Africa's tawny faces,
Where the torrid sun doth shine.

And poor Asia long benighted,
Now responds a Saviour's name,
While their Idol Gods are slighted,
They His goodness loud proclaim.

If we go to fair Europa,
Where more genial sun doth shine,
On the fertile banks of Scotia
We shall see His hand divine.

All we see aloud proclaim Him,
On our blessed native shore,
As our muses oft have nam'd Him,
May we praise Him evermore.

Dear Ellen strike again thy Lyre.
Sing the praises of our King
For it doth my bosom fire,
As you touch each trembling string,

**Tell the world thy heart hath known Him,
Felt his love for all mankind,
And thy tongue doth dare to own Him
Though condemn'd by zealots blind.**



ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

[Published in the Christian Telescope.]

**Seraphic strains if I could sing,
Or wake Apollo's tuneful Lyre,
An off'ring worthy, I might bring,
Of her, who doth my muse inspire.**

**Grateful I feel dear friend unknown,
That thou should'st honor lay of mine,
Or one, as kindred spirit own,
Whose sweetest notes are harsh to thine.**

**When list'ning to thy melting strains,
As thou dost sing of gospel grace;
My thoughts oft soar where Jesus reigns,
All unconfin'd by time or space.**

**And when thou sing'st of "Sea of doubt,"
On which thy "fragile barque was toss'd;"
I sympathize with thee throughout;
For I that fearful sea have cross'd.**

**But now that we've "safe moor'd at last,"
We'll praise the Lord whose arm did save
Whose beacon shone above our mast,
And guided o'er each bill'wy wave.**

**I know no place where He is not,
His presence fills immensity;
The fertile and the barren spot,
Are both the care of Deity.**

Thou bid'st me strike again my Lyre
 Dearest Eliza I obey,
 I would that I could from its wire,
 Draw sweeter notes—a softer lay.

But mine's a wayward, fickle muse
 That will not come whene'er I will
 Their gifts to me the "Nine," refuse,
 But thou hast wooed with greater skill.

Yet will I chaunt my Maker's praise,
 And sound the dear Redeemer's name,
 The grateful heart its homage pays
 Regardless of applause or blame.

And thou Eliza wilt I know
 Still laud with me redeeming grace;
 Salvation to our God we owe!
 Which in the scriptures, we can trace.

Farewell, though we should never meet,
 While pilgrims o'er the earth we rove,
 Yet we'll each other kindly greet,
 When we shall dwell in courts above.

Hudson, N. Y. April 12, 1826.

ELLEN.



TO MRS. DAVIS, OF BOSTON, ON THE DEATH OF HER ELDEST CHILD.

[Published in the Christian Telescope.]

You've lost your dear and first born child!
 The darling of your heart,
 And still your mind seems reconcil'd
 With that dear child to part.

Oh! sure it is a blessed thing,
 To give our idols up,
 And sing the praises of our King,
 And drink the bitter cup.

Inscrutable is God my dear,
 In his unerring ways,
 Yet when they seem the most severe,
 His love He still displays.

Perhaps your sweet and lovely child,
 So beautiful and good,
 Who on thee late so fondly smil'd
 Stood 'twixt thee and thy God.

If so 'twas right in him to claim,
 What was his own before,
 That you might own his holy name,
 And all his ways adore.

I mourn with thee and well I can,
 For I have felt the same,
 And I can glorify with thee
 God's great and holy name.

Then let us raise our hearts on high,
 On faith's bright pinions soar,
 And may we meet beyond the sky,
 With them to part no more.



RELYING ON A SAVIOUR,

On my Beloved let me lean
 No danger then I'll fear
 He'll be my firm support and screen
 Tho' dangers oft appear.

While thro' the wilderness I roam
 Sweet flow'rets will arise
 He'll lead me safely to my home,
 Beyond the starry skies.

He knows my frailty and my frame
 He counts my contrite tears

His goodness ever is the same
He will dispel my fears

It is enough if He is mine
Tho' sorrows intervene
Let me but have his love divine
His arms whereon to lean.



ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN HAYWARD, OF BOSTON, WHO DIED AT
THE SOUTH.

Disease came ling'ring o'er his manly frame,
He sought relief ; but sought alas ! in vain,
From clime to clime, he roam'd with hopes elate
But nought could alter the decrees of fate.

No balm was found that could his health restore,
Although he travell'd round from shore, to shore ;
Wishing to save a life to many dear,
He sought to live that he their lives might cheer.

Knowing the sorrow that his death would give
To those who in his living seem'd to live,
His tender wife and prattling children dear
To unprotected leave, he could not bear.

A mother too, ah ! that's a tender tie
It rives their hearts to see their offspring die
Brother, and sisters, twined around his heart,
Painful would be the task from them to part.

But he must go, for God a mandate sends,
And leave on earth his many weeping friends,
He bows his head without a sigh or groan,
Exclaims " oh ! Lord my God thy will be done."

ON THE DEATH OF MISS SARAH METCALF.

(ADDRESSED TO HER MOTHER.)

Ah! what is life, or health, or bloom?
 They cannot save from the cold tomb,
 Oh! no, dear madam, were it so,
 Thy tear would not repeated flow,
 For scarcely had thy heart felt joy,
 Since thou did'st lose thy infant boy,
 E'er Death insatiate with his prey
 Doth take a daughter fair away.

Adieu sweet Sarah, lovely child,
 Thou'st oft of care my heart beguil'd,
 I've seen thy gambols and thy glee
 And thy young heart from sorrow free,
 Open and candid was thy heart,
 Alas! with thee 'tis hard to part.
 But as our earthly joys are riven,
 They oft times lead our minds to Heaven,
 For oft those objects of our love
 Steal our affections from above.
 They bind as with a chain the heart,
 And keeps us from the better part,
 And ev'ry link that gives away,
 Loosens our hearts from earth and clay,
 And if our God for us has love,
 Our idols from us he'll remove.

He knows the structure of the mind,
 And knows we need to be refin'd,
 And if affliction he doth send,
 It is because he is our friend,
 Then cease to weep, no longer mourn,
 No more to you can she return,
 She's paid the debt we all must pay,
 And now to Heaven has wing'd her way,
 And may you meet with glad surprise,
 Her happy spirit in the skies.

ON SEEING A LADY (MRS. ALLEN) WHO HAD RECENTLY LOST A CHILD.

[Published in the Christian Telescope.]

I saw a mother and her cheek was pale,
 Her eye was tearless ; but it told a tale,
 Of deep distress, for a dear child no more;
 Her heart was bleeding from its inmost core,
 Her home so vacant she cannot endure,
 She walks abroad in hopes to find a cure.

But all in vain, an aching void remains,
 And naught can mitigate her bosom's pains,
 Mournful and slow her footsteps back she trod,
 To her lone dwelling, once a blest abode,
 For then that sweet and interesting child,
 Would lisp her name in accents soft and mild.

Would climb her lap the envied kiss to share,
 Imprinting kisses on a face most dear,
 Her chair's deserted now: and ev'ry place,
 Looks blank and dreary, all an empty space,
 Weep if thou canst 'twill ease thy troubled breast,
 With sorrow's burden heavily oppress'd.

For tears can lighten much the load of wo,
 As showers refresh the earth on which they flow,
 But for thy lovely child thou must not weep,
 Death is to her but a sweet gentle sleep.
 Which bears her spirit gloriously away,
 To the bright realms of everlasting day.

ON THE DEATH OF FOUR LADS WHO WERE DROWNED IN PROVIDENCE RIVER ON SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1825.

(Published in the Journal.)

The sun rose clear to gild the face of day,
 The trees were clad in nature's best array,
 The vernal breezes fan'd the smiling groves,
 The feather'd songsters warbled forth their loves.

The streets were still—for it was sabbath morn,
 And seem'd a day for peace and pleasure born;
 The birth of May was usher'd in with joy,
 And youthful hearts beat high without alloy.

The river glitter'd with the sunny beam,
 The little boats were gliding o'er the stream,
 Five blooming youths had met—alas how frail,
 Is human foresight—forth they went to sail.

They ventur'd rashly o'er the tempting wave,
 And little thought 'twould prove their watery grave,
 The winds arose—they stood with fear aghast
 Nought could they do; but yield them to the blast.

Their bosoms fair now stem th' impetuous tide,
 Which swell'd and foam'd with more than common
 'Till quite exhausted, they the toil gave o'er, [pride,
 And all but one sunk down to rise no more.

But here my muse must pause—for words are vain,
 To tell their parents' agonizing pain—
 For sons so rare—whose worth so well was known,
 But God we know, has right to claim his own.

Forbid it Heaven! that we arraign thy power,
 Great Sovereign thou—we creatures of an hour;
 Yet weep we must; alas! tears cannot drown
 Our sorrows, as the waters those we mourn.

Oh! may each blooming youth who hears their fate,
 Learn and consider, e'er it be too late,
 That life 's uncertain, death may soon appear,
 Improve their moments and for that prepare.

TO MRS. SULLIVAN, ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND

Oh! could I soothe thy widow'd heart,
 Or ease thy bosom's pains,

**Then freely would I aid impart,
In sympathetic strains.**

**Thy spouse thy much lov'd spouse is dead,
An infant too is given,
May blessings rest upon its head,
Its father rest in Heaven.**

**A lovely child thy heart's delight,
First from thy arms was riven,
Methinks I see the cherub bright,
Wait at the gates of Heaven.**

**There to receive his father's sprite,
And welcome him above,
To realms of joy and glory bright,
And endless peace and love.**

**And you are left my friend below,
To struggle here awhile,
Perhaps to taste of grief and wo
But soon will end your toil.**

**And if you're faithful to your God
His promises are sure,
Then meekly kiss his chast'ning rod
And patiently endure.**

**He'll prove thy father and thy friend,
Protector, and thy guide,
Then trust him firmly to the end,
And he will still provide.**

**Then cease to weep, dry up thy tears,
And cast thy cares away,
The Lord is better than thy fears,
He'll turn thy night to day.**

**May'st thou be blest, and ever blest,
Thy sweet and darling boys
May Heaven grant thee peace and rest,
And everlasting joys.**

ON THE DEATH OF MR. SAMUEL WALCOTT,
[WHO WAS DROWNED BY FALLING FROM A BRIDGE IN CUMBER-
LAND, R. I.]

The night was dark, the wind blew high,
 The rain in torrents pour'd
 No gleam of light illum'd the sky
 Direction to afford.

The raging elements conspir'd
 To raise the furious storm,
 When lo! a youth by all admir'd
 Goes forth without alarm.

He braves it with a fearless breast,
 And seeks his peaceful home
 The dear resort of joy and rest
 Alas! nor dreams his doom.

Light and unguarded was his step,
 Regardless of the storm,
 And still his ardent heart beat quick,
 With brilliant prospects warm.

He thinks of future days of bliss,
 Unmix'd with care and wo ,
 And falls into the dark abyss,
 Of waters far below.

No friendly arm had power to save!
 The vital spark had fled!
 And now within the silent grave,
 He mingles with the dead.

Lamented youth! thy spotless fame
 And virtues much rever'd
 Engrave upon our hearts thy name,
 To all thy friends endear'd.

But there is one whose anguish'd heart,
 No pencil can pourtray,
 For her I'd weave a cypress wreath,
 To her address my lay.

His plighted faith dear girl was thine,
 His heart to thee was given,
 But still we know a hand Divine,
 Remands his soul to heaven!

And now no charms has earth for thee,
 All nature wears a gloom,
 You sicken at the orb of day,
 And think upon the tomb.

Philanthropy can ne'er prevail,
 And reason pleads in vain,
 When the soft passions do assail,
 And in the bosom reign.

But blest Religion has the power,
 To raise thy heart above
 She'll cheer thee in this trying hour,
 And shew that "God is Love."

'Tis not his pleasure to afflict,
 Or give thy bosom pain,
 But like a father to correct
 For thy eternal gain.

And may you own his rightful claim
 Reciprocate his love,
 And laud his great and holy name
 Till you shall meet above.



TO MRS. COLE, ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

*You ask a requiem with a tearful eye,
 My plaintive music doth willingly comply.
 Ever alive to pity's tender call,*

She feels indeed to sympathise with all.
 You've lost a son, far from his native home,
 In quest of fortune he abroad did roam,
 He brav'd the perils of the raging main,
 In hopes a widow'd mother to maintain.
 But fate alas! had other things in store,
 And doom'd thy son to see thy face no more,
 It was a loss that gave thee keenest pain,
 Yet still we trust 'twas his eternal gain,
 And what enhances still maternal grief,
 You'd not the power to give the least relief,
 Strangers attended around the bed of death
 And strangers witness'd his last dying breath.
 But shall we say that God is e'er unjust ?
 Forbid it Heaven! acquiesce we must,
 We know He has a sovereign power to rule
 And governs all things with a wise control,
 And if an arm of flesh, from us is riven
 There is an arm outstretch'd from yonder Heaven,
 And may you ever feel its sovereign power
 To save and succour in each trying hour,
 And may it ever lend support to you,
 'Till to this earth you bid a long adieu,
 Then may it raise you to the realms of joy
 Where nought can e'er your happiness alloy.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ANN ELIZA FISHER DAUGHTER OF CAPT.
FISHER.

[ADDRESSED TO HER MOTHER.] ❀

Oh can it be? art thou sweet girl no more?
 Thy willing feet oft bore thee to my door;
 With my dear child to school thou oft did'st go,
 With hand in hand you led her to and fro.
 Now God has call'd thee home to him above
 And yet has spar'd to me my little love,
 Thou wert too good I ween with us to stay,
 Yet we lament to see thee torn away.

Thy mother's face I almost dread to see,
 For well I know she weeps most bitterly,
 To lose her first-born child and one so dear,
 Must be a loss I know the most severe,
 For scarce twelve summers o'er thy head had pass'd
 E'er she with sorrow saw thee breathe thy last.
 I feel each pang that rends her bleeding heart,
 And fain some consolation would impart,
 If sympathy has power to give relief,
 I share with her a mother's tender grief.
 And now to her my theme shall be address'd,
 And leave thee Anna to thy peaceful rest.

Oh my dear sister, strive thy tears to dry,
 And look to Him who reigns above the sky,
 He knows thy sorrows and He counts thy tears,
 And not a sigh escapes thee but he hears,
 He saw perhaps 'twas needful thus to be
 To prune a twig and thus preserve the tree,
 Oh may it be productive of much fruit,
 And purify and cleanse both branch and root.
 We need much pruning sister well I know,
 And though you drink the bitter cup of woe,
 May you be willing still to kiss the rod,
 And bow submissive to the will of God.

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

Give me that faith, which works by love,
 Which will my doubts and fears remove,
 Which purifies my heart from dross,
 And helps me bear my Saviour's cross.
 Give me that love will banish fear,
 And still reflect his image dear
 Faithful my ev'ry step to guide
 And keep me by his bleeding side.

*And may that charity be mine,
 Which ev'ry virtue doth outshine,*

The offspring of humility,
 From boasting and deception free,
 As meek eyed as the gentle dove,
 Which all the human race can love,
 Divine Philanthropy will then
 Within my peaceful bosom reign,
 With these companions of my breast,
 I must enjoy a lasting rest.

Give me kind Heav'n the boon I crave,
 And let me in the fountain lave,
 Where chrystal waters freely flow,
 A balm for every bitter wo.
 My thirsty soul is on the wing
 To plunge into the living spring
 To quaff and quaff and never rise
 Till she can soar above the skies.

A CARD

The author of the foregoing, tenders her most grateful acknowledgements to her friends and the public, who have so liberally patronized her in her undertaking. She regrets extremely that her pages have fell so far short of the number stipulated in the prospectus ; but respectfully hopes that a generous community will exonerate her from blame when she assures them that the calculation was not made by her; but by one whom she thought a more competent judge.

ELIZABETH C. JONES.

NOTE. As there has been a mistake in relation to the size of this book, and as some may find fault, it is but proper, that the error, should be placed where it belongs. Mrs. Jones, is unacquainted with the art of printing, and on arranging the Mss. presented it to me, and inquired how large a book it would make, and desired me to write a prospectus. In reply I stated, that I supposed that the Mss. presented to me, would make one hundred and twenty five pages, and wrote the prospectus accordingly. The error, lies entirely on my shoulders;—it was one of those hasty calculations which I too often make, and I cannot but hope, that an indulgent community, will transfer their disapprobation from Mrs. Jones to me. She is not entitled to censure, and should not be reproached.

S. S. SOUTHWORTH.

001

1253

1



